AUM

Point out the "Way"—however dimly,
and lost among the host—as does the evening
star to those who tread their path in darkness.
—*The Voice of the Silence*

THE ARYAN PATH

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A SERMON OF THE BUDDHA

THE POISONED ARROW

"It is as if a man had been wounded by an arrow thickly smeared with poison, and his friends and companions, his relatives and kinsfolk, were to procure for him a physician or surgeon; and the sick man were to say, 'I will not have this arrow taken out until I have learnt whether the man who wounded me belonged to the warrior caste, or to the Brahmin caste, or to the agricultural caste, or to the menial caste!' Or again he were to say, 'I will not have this arrow taken out until I have learnt the name of the man who wounded me and to what clan he belongs.'

"Or again he were to say, 'I will not have this arrow taken out until I have learnt whether the man who wounded me was tall, or short."

"Or again he were to say, 'I will not have this arrow taken out until I have learnt whether the bow which wounded me was a *capa* or a *kodanda*.'

"Or again he were to say, 'I will not have this arrow taken out until I have learnt whether the shaft which wounded me was feathered from the wings of a vulture, or of a heron, or of a falcon, or of a peacock.'

"Or again he were to say, 'I will not have this arrow taken out until I have learnt whether the shaft which wounded me was wound round with the sinews of an ox, or of a buffalo, or of a monkey.' That man would die without ever having learnt this.

"In exactly the same way, any one who should say, 'I will not lead the religious life under the Blessed One until the Blessed One shall elucidate to me, either that the world is eternal, or that the world is not eternal...or that the saint exists or does not exist after death,'...that person would die before the Accomplished One had ever elucidated this to him.

"The life of the spirit does not depend on the dogma that the world is eternal, nor does it depend on the dogma that the world is not eternal. Whether the dogma obtains, that the world is eternal, or that the world is not eternal, there still remain birth, old age, death, sorrow, lamentation, misery, grief and despair, for the extinction of which in the present life I am prescribing."

ORIENT GOLD

[Lilian Gill is the author of the novel *A Family Affair* and of numerous short stories but she says "Play-writing is my principal interest".—EDS.]

The sun was going down as the boy walked up the steep path behind the village. He had hoped to start earlier, but there were so many chores to do. Sometimes he wondered if doing things didn't interfere too much with finding out about things. Which was the more important to spend your time on? He would decide that later.

Chang Wen Lan had decided it already. But it was in the nature of this boy not to accept another's wisdom unquestioningly. The wisdom of Chang Wen Lan was to the boy exciting, valuable, yet even at the age of twelve he felt that there was a power in himself which must be the final authority. The words of Chang were always illuminating; even so they must be seen by the light the boy carried around within himself.

So he walked up the hill, wondering.

At school he had been rebuked by his other teacher because he ventured to question some of the precepts handed down by the great men of his own country. Chang Wen Lan never rebuked him. The Chinese was as serene and remote as the pale evening sky behind the hill the boy was climbing. It was almost dark when he came to the little house where the sage lived alone. The boy knocked and the door was opened.

A lamp on a high stand gave a pleasant light throughout the room and a smaller lamp stood immediately beside a large chart of the heavens. Seeing the boy's interest, Chang lifted the chart and placed beside it several others showing the signs of the Zodiac in different positions in relation to the sun and the positions of the planets. Along with these diagrams there were scattered over the table pages of mathematical calculations in Chinese characters.

"What are you working on, Chang Wen Lan?"

"I am progressing your horoscope, my boy."

"What does it show?" asked the boy eagerly. "Will I be a leader of my people? Will I help to make them a great and free nation once again?"

"I have not finished the prognosis yet. It takes time, you know. There is a great deal of involved mathematical calculation to do. Give me the charts now and I will hear your lesson. Have you learned the passage I gave you from the *Tao Teh King*?"

The Chinese scholar had seated himself. The boy stood beside him and recited the verses, not gabbling them off by the sound of the words, as many children do, but speaking with intention and with a sort of controlled fire.

At that time the crooked shall be made straight; the empty shall be filled; the worn out shall be renewed;

those having little shall obtain and those having much shall be overcome.

"Yes, little brother, you have memorized accurately the words of the great Laotse, but what have you thought about them? Can you tell me anything that has occurred to you?"

The boy pointed out the resemblance, in some places word for word, to a prophecy of Isaiah's which he had learned the other day at school. "Let me hear what the prophet Isaiah said."

Every valley shall be exalted and every mountain and hill made low; *the crooked shall be made straight* and the rough places plain.

The Chinese scholar was interested though not surprised. He was never surprised. He made the boy say the verses again and wrote them down for reference.

"*At that time,* the empty shall be filled, the worn out shall be renewed", murmured Chang Wen Lan, gazing straight in front of him at nothing. "Those having little shall obtain and those having much shall be overcome...."

Slowly, from their contemplative stare, the penetrating black eyes, narrowed at the outside corners, came around and rested upon the face of the boy.

"Perhaps that time is not far off, little brother."

The boy looked up with his radiant glance, but his teacher was no longer regarding him. He was poring over his astronomical charts and his tables of figures. When he finally rose and spoke it was to tell the boy he might go home.

"Come back a week from tonight, little brother", he called, as his only student went out into the night. The boy turned and stood in the doorway, his lantern in his hand.

"I won't be here next week, sir. We are all going to Jerusalem to the Passover."

The Chinese bowed slightly from the waist, hands folded in front of his navel, the perfect posture of courteous acquiescence.

"While you are away, memorize this maxim of Confucius: 'Do not do to others what you would not have them do to you.'"

The boy had had a great time in Jerusalem. He had seen the Temple and had talked with some of the faculty. Learned men, certainly, but they didn't seem to know as much about the Way as his friend the Chinese scholar in the Galilean hills. As often happens with children about his age, he seemed to have grown older from the change of scene, the new people, the adventure of a journey.

Chang Wen Lan was greatly interested in his pupil's encounter with the professors at Jerusalem. What had they to say about the Ineffable Tao, the source of all spirit and matter? What had they to say about Teh, energy—divine energy in created things?

Some part of the teaching which the boy had heard from the professors at Jerusalem was acceptable to Chang after he had worked it over into the philosophic terms of his own Laotse or into those of the great Indian master, Gautama. So absorbed were they in talk, the man expounding, the boy listening and

asking questions, that the night grew late and a different pattern of stars rolled around into the frame of the open doorway.

Chang Wen Lan, as often before, was weighing and comparing what he knew of Hebrew Theism (he had long before made a study of the Torah) with religions further east. Some things the boy heard in the Temple were antagonistic to the thought of the Chinese sage in the hills. "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth."

"No, little brother, no. The wise man has an expansive breast and takes a detached view of life. Listen to what Laotse says of the wise man :

> The good he treats with goodness; the not-good he also treats with goodness, for *teh* is goodness. The faithful ones he treats with good faith; the unfaithful he also treats with good faith, for *teh* is good faith.

"And here is what the Lord Gautama, whom they call the Great Buddha, says :

> If anyone to thy face should abuse thee....if he were to strike thee with fist or hurl clods of earth at thee or beat thee with a stick or give thee a blow with a sword....thus must thou train thyself : My heart shall be unwavering. No evil word will I send forth. I will abide compassionate of others' welfare, of kindly heart, without resentment.

"Will you so train yourself, little brother, and remember those words all your life ?"

And the boy said, "Yes, Chang Wen Lan, I will."

One evening not long after his return from Jerusalem the boy came climbing up to the house on the hill with a new question. The sky in front of him to the left was that pale, rarefied green which seems to hold both the quality of light and the quality of water and among all the colours of evening is the one most deeply imbued with serenity. Very black were the cypresses against the skyline, holding all of night within themselves.

The Rabbi at school had been asking how it happened that a Chinese scholar, a cosmopolitan, chose to "bury himself"—so the Rabbi put it—in the Galilean hills and how he ever got there in the first place, so far from his country and his people.

The boy's mother knew, it appeared, but when the boy had asked her how it happened, she only smiled in a way she had, as if she kept all sorts of lovely, radiant, secrets in her heart—she only smiled and told him to ask Chang Wen Lan.

"Yes, you are old enough now", said the Chinese. "I will tell you why I am here."

He seated himself in his deliberate, gracious manner, which made of every little act a ceremony, and told his pupil to sit down.

"Ever since I was a school boy, not very much older than you are now, I have spent a good part of my time in studying the science of the stars."

The boy nodded and glanced toward the big charts which were leaning against the wall.

"As a young man there was no study which interested me so much as star-science and its twin, mathematics. It was only when I came to the middle of my path through life that I became interested in

philosophy. But I have never lost my zest for observing the planets and the constellations ; in fact now more than ever I. . . ."

Chang did not finish his sentence. He seemed to have drifted away into his own thoughts. There was a long silence.

Finally he resumed : " You have asked me why I left China and came to the land of Israel. It may be surprising to hear that I made the long long journey solely on account of the conjunction of the sidereal orbs which conjunction could mean only one thing—the birth of an Enlightened One, a Master. The problem then was to ascertain in what land this new Enlightened One should be born. I made my own calculations but wishing to check them I wrote to two eminent star-scientists in Iran. Their findings agreed perfectly with mine. We were all three so much stirred by this great event that we determined to make the journey to Judæa. I joined them at Persepolis and we came over the great caravan route to Damascus and so on down to Jerusalem."

But the boy wanted to know what became of the Persians. Were they also living in Galilee ?

"The Persians ? Oh, no, they went home and I went with them and stayed in Persepolis and in Susa for seven years, studying the religion of Zoroaster. He also was an Enlightened One."

And as the boy looked up with his eager, luminous glance, the Chinese added, smiling benignly, " I will talk to you of Zoroaster another time, little brother. It is getting late and you must go down to the Street of the Carpenters."

The boy stood up and lit his lantern, but before he went from the door he had heard the ending of the tale of Chang's pilgrimage.

" The two Persian astrologists who came with me, you see, were Magi, and the Magi are adepts in the interpretation of dreams. According to them, everything we dream has some symbolical meaning. Well, one of them had a dream which he interpreted as a warning that we should not go back to the court of Herod. We had agreed to go back and tell him after we had found the child whom we called the Enlightened One and Herod called the Anointed One—Messiah. Not Herod Antipas, you know, who is reigning now, but his father who was called Herod the Great. Great ? Well, he was great as a politician, as a diplomat, perhaps. He always succeeded in keeping on the right side of Rome—and that is something.

" At any rate he was fooled once in his life and all because of a Magi's dream ! We did not go back and report to him, but left Judæa secretly and returned to Persia by another way.

" And after seven years I came west again, bringing with me the treasures of the East—the gold of Laotse's wisdom and the incense of contemplation of the Imperishable and Unshown."

As he went out of the door, the boy saw that Chang had already turned back to the study of his astronomical charts.

A tinkling of camel bells broke the early morning stillness of the Street of the Carpenters. One of the riders

stopped and dismounted before a certain archway. In answer to his knocking a beautiful woman not yet thirty years old came to the door.

"May I speak to your son for a moment, Miriam?"

"I am sorry he is not here, Chang Wen Lan. My husband has sent him over to the farm outside the village to take back a yoke he has been repairing. If you could wait a little while...."

"I can't wait, Miriam. I am joining the caravan at Damascus and they won't wait for us. The merchants who are going with me are already impatient because I insisted on stopping here."

Looking down the street she could see three or four camels with their riders and their packs of merchandise.

"Are you going far, Chang Wen Lan?"

"Only as far as China."

A wave of sorrow seemed to sweep over her lovely face.

"Oh, why are you leaving us?" she cried. "My little boy will be so grieved."

"Miriam, I have read his horoscope. I cannot stay here and watch what they will do to him. I should lose my serenity. It is better that I go at once before I become any more attached to him."

Her large dark eyes grew larger and darker still as he spoke these ominous words and she put her hand to her heart. It was not the first time she had heard horrible veiled foretelling of disaster for her boy. On the very day she had brought him to the Temple in all the glorious joy of her new motherhood, old Simeon had looked at her and said, "Yea and a sword shall pierce through thine own soul also."

"Will you not at least leave a message for my little boy?"

"Yes. Tell him I called to say good-bye. Tell him to remember all that I have taught him and above all the words of the great Buddha.

If anyone to thy face should abuse thee....if he were to beat thee or give thee a blow with a sword....thus must thou train thyself: My heart shall be unwavering. No evil word will I send forth. I will abide compassionate of others' welfare, of kindly heart, without resentment."

Chang Wen Lan turned and touched his camel lightly on the neck. The animal obediently knelt down for him to mount, and the tinkling of bells receded along the Street of the Carpenters.

Miriam, shading her eyes against the morning sun, saw him rejoin the little group of merchants. And then they all rode away toward Damascus and the East.

LILIAN GILL

THE WITNESS OF LIBERAL RELIGION

IN THE WORLD OF TO-DAY

[**Leslie J. Belton** is the author of *Creeds in Conflict* and *Psychical Research and Religion* and was till recently Editor of *The Inquirer*, a weekly organ of the London Unitarians. He is now in charge of a Unitarian Congregation in Sheffield. —EDS.]

Looking back through the centuries of Christian history we see how the Christian faith hardened into a sterile creed, a frozen revelation, a mystifying sacerdotalism, and for honesty's sake we feel bound to protest. Liberalism expresses the sum of our protest and the affirmations from which it springs.

Rightly understood the term "liberal" applied to religion means not a protesting, negative creed (new dogmas supplanting the old); not a critical method of sapping the foundations of religion; not a softening or sentimentalising of the more rigorous Christian commands, but rather an affirmative and trustful attitude of mind. Above all it means a loyalty to truth so absolute, so compelling, that nothing that hinders the pursuit of it is thought worthy of the fraternity of religion. It means that we bring to the study and practice of religion our intellect and our sympathy in the fullest measure, believing that no truth is "revealed" if it contradicts reason or belies the generous impulses of the spirit of man. It means a courageous, unflinching acceptance of human experience, for that only is true which the mind acclaims as true. Thus for the religious liberal the final authority is neither Church nor Tradition nor Book but the insight and reason of man.

Such are the broad and basic principles of religious liberalism. Liberal Christianity accepts these principles and applies them within its own field; it applies them negatively in ridding doctrine and history of the irrational assumptions of a hallowed tradition; it applies them positively by laying bare the historical foundations of Christianity and building thereon a structure more resistant to the tides of time.

An especial task for Liberal Christians is to bear witness *within Christendom* to two ancient and ancillary truths. It is a task which only those who accept unreservedly the authority of experience can properly perform. Nowhere in the synoptic gospels (Matthew, Mark and Luke) do we find the assumption that Jesus taught his hearers to look on himself as the founder of a Church or the saviour of the world; and though Jesus came to believe (as others also have believed) that he was divinely commissioned, he seems never to have suggested that his relationship to God was unique or of a kind to which other men might not also aspire. His teaching on the Kingdom of Heaven assumes between God and Man an essential kinship, and between man and man a spiritual fraternity. Even the Johannine emphasis on the union of God and Jesus ("I am in the Father and the

Father is in me." John xiv, 11) seems not to exalt Jesus to a transcendental plane beyond the compass of ordinary humanity but rather to assume a spiritual continuity between the divine and the human, *e.g.*, "Ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you."

But we need not venture into the mystical speculations of "John" to see underlying the religion of Jesus, implicit in the atmosphere of the Gospels, explicit in isolated sayings, an insight so profound, an affirmation so momentous, that men have misconceived or ignored it; by literalising the gospel they have hidden its pristine truth behind the screen of a crude "kindergarten" soteriology. Never wholly lost, proclaimed again and again by the greatest thinkers, this truth, at once simple and profound, needs to be reaffirmed to-day. It assumes that Creative Spirit is active in man and that man achieves fulness of being, fulfilling the law of his destiny, as he learns consciously to apprehend the divine principle within himself, identifying his own life with the Supreme Life. Within the temple of his innermost self man is conjoined with God. What this means in terms of the experiences of mystics and seers it is beyond my purpose to describe. But this I will venture to say, that Liberal Religion is faithless to its mission if, in the interest of religious rationalism or out of fear of fanaticism, it fails to comprehend the transcendent significance of the mystical quest. Not all men are mystics or mystically inclined. Pseudo-mysticism gives rise to extravagances and puerilities; the disintegrated soul finds in it an escape from the grimmer realities of life. Yet mysticism, misused and travestied though it be, is an accent in religion we ignore to our cost.

Salvation (if we cling to the word) means final at-one-ment—in the words of a Christian parable, the homecoming of the prodigal to his father's house. Thus not Jesus only is the Son of God but Everyman—in spite of human iniquity! As Hugh I'Anson Fausset puts it,

> 'The son' of whom Jesus spoke.... and whom he described as able to quicken whom he would so that they might pass from the death of sin to the life of wholeness was not....himself, viewed as a personal redeemer, but the 'Christ' potential in every man. (*A Modern Prelude*, p. 257)

This then is the first truth; the second is its complement. As there exists between God and man no absolute break, so also between man and man there is a community of being more fundamental than any glib proclamation of brotherhood can convey. Spiritual vision has always affirmed this fact of kinship. Separateness is an illusion, say the mystics, and many of them, under varying symbols, have echoed the astonishing exclamation of Edward Carpenter: "Deep as the Universe is my life and I know it; nothing can dislodge the knowledge of it." Universal life means universal kinship, the oneness of humanity in Deity.

"In the ethic of Christianity, it is the relation of the soul to God that is important, not the relation of man to his fellow man", asserts Mr. Bertrand Russell. This statement, though not strictly reconcilable with

the Christian ethic of good neighbourliness, indicates what all too often has been the emphasis in Christian teaching. *Human solidarity is more pronounced in the Eastern religions than in the Western.* The great message which Asia proclaims, declared Keshub Chunder Sen, is "not only the union between man and God, but also the union between man and man."

Once Liberal Christians lose sight of this two-fold truth they vacate the stronghold of their gospel, and thereafter nothing, it seems to me, can prevent their conceding the claims of naturalism on the one hand or of supernaturalism on the other. Liberal Christianity, as I understand it, stands or falls by its warrant to proclaim the Divine Spirit as a sanctifying power in the lives of men.

On this view it follows: (1) That all genuine religions are expressions of Religion—historical or local forms of the one Religion; (2) that all religions in their philosophical and doctrinal expressions are partial visions of supreme reality, and, in their ethical significance, efforts to organise human life in accordance with an ideal end. According to the measure of our insight into other faiths so is the measure of our insight into our own faith. Insight arises out of experience; it is a quality of mind, a capacity to penetrate through non-essentials to essentials; it implies in religion an ability to break through the crust of dogma and creed to those inner truths which dogmas and creeds in some degree represent. Insight tells us that all religions have truth within them, that every religion, in Professor Whitehead's words, is a "vision of something which stands beyond, behind, and within the passing flux of immediate things"; that no religion is outcast from the community of faiths.

Religions reflect the ethos and culture of the people among whom they flourish; thus religions are not of equal value either ethically or intellectually. Some religions (as we say) are more "primitive", some are "higher" than others; in some religions (notably in Hinduism) a primitive idolatry and an exalted philosophy exist concurrently; but every religion has its own primitive streak, its superstitions, its fanatics and its bigots. Equally every religion has its prophets, reformers, saints and seers; and this, I believe, is of profound significance. The significance lies not in the fact that all religions have their leaders, for the leader may be a power-complexed egotist; what is significant is the honour men pay to the sage and the seer. There appears on every religion the impress of a great personality who enlarges the people's faith and recalls them to a truth they have lost. Though zealots persecute him, sooner or later the people respond; sometimes they make him a god. It is profoundly significant that spiritual nobility always awakens a response, tardy and hesitant though it may sometimes be. *Quod bonum est, bonos facit.* Here lies the significance of the sage and the saint; they embody truth and goodness, and to this truth and goodness man responds.

And what of Jesus? Jesus is the master-teacher of Christendom, says the Liberal Christian. He is the mas-

ter-teacher by virtue not of his uniqueness as the only-begotten Son, but by virtue of the sonship he shares with other men. Jesus exalts not himself but the Divine Spirit within him. *Not a God on Calvary but the God in Man is the saviour of mankind.*

This is the insight which the liberal gospel can inspire. To be genuinely and comprehendingly a liberal is also to be a universalist. Only man-made barriers cast a shadow. The Light which the barriers obscure is omnipresent. But it is well to remember that even the liberal gospel may be degraded. Religious Liberalism is not a body of doctrine, though it includes doctrine ; it is not a set of minority opinions in the minds of rebels against the cramping creeds of any orthodoxy. Fundamentally it is an attitude of mind. It can most easily be judged by what it does for a man, and the one thing it always does is to enlarge his mind. To be genuinely a religious liberal is to share, though in small measure, the insight, the compassion, the ingathering universalism and the insistence on *being*, characteristic of the genuine seers in every age. We fix on them our labels, according to the thought-forms of their age and the creedal formulations of their followers, but they themselves were preëminently exponents of the art of living. And they were universalists. In the valley-ways our distinctions serve us well : on the mountain peak we cast them aside. Every genuine faith is a road of pilgrimage whose worth will be judged in the end by its power to sanctify and ennoble human life. For religion is made for man, not man for religion.

LESLIE J. BELTON

" The coming of **Christ** ", means *the presence of* Christos in a regenerated world, and not at all the actual coming in body of " Christ " Jesus ; this Christ is to be sought neither in the wilderness nor " in the inner chambers ", nor in the sanctuary of any temple or church built by man ; for Christ—the true esoteric Saviour—*is no man,* but the Divine Principle in every human being. He who strives to resurrect the Spirit *crucified in him by his own terrestrial passions,* and buried deep in the " sepulchre " of his sinful flesh ; he who has the strength to roll back *the stone of matter* from the door of his own *inner* sanctuary, he *has the risen Christ in him.* The " Son of Man " is no child of the bond-woman—*flesh,* but verily of the free-woman—*Spirit,* the child of man's own deeds, and the fruit of his own spiritual labour.

—H. P. BLAVATSKY

THE "AMRITANUBHAV" OF DNYANESHWAR

[In our July number Professor **M. D. Altekar** wrote on "The Saint-Poets of Maharashtra", when we had occasion to indicate in our editorial the importance of Dnyaneshwar. We now have great pleasure in publishing Professor Altekar's translation from the "Amritanubhav" hitherto untranslated into English.—EDS.]

Dnyaneshwar or Dnyandev, who is unanimously regarded as the greatest Marathi poet and philosopher, flourished at the end of the twelfth century, and lived at the longest for not more than twenty-one years. His elder brother, Nivrattinath, was Dnyaneshwar's *guru*; he had besides one younger brother and a sister both of whom also wrote poetry.

Dnyandev has left two great works in Marathi, *Dnyaneshwari* or *Bhavarthdipika*, a discussion of the *Bhagwat Geeta*, and *Amritanubhav*, an independent exposition of the Adwait Vedant philosophy. *Dnyaneshwari* is a large work, famous for its philosophic soundness as much as for its wonderful poetic qualities, and it is revered wherever Marathi is spoken as "the great book". *Amritanubhav* is a small work but very intellectual in treatment and beyond the grasp of the ordinary reader. The central doctrine in the Adwait Vedant is the complete identity of Jeevatman and Paramatman (the individual and Deity). According to that doctrine whatever difference or diversity is seen is due to *Avidya* or *Maya*. To translate that word *Maya* by "ignorance" does not bring out its full connotation. This *Maya* is also a part of the Paramatman, and ultimately Paramatman.

In *Amritanubhav*, the Paramatman is called Shiv while Shakti or Maya is called Devi or the consort of Shiv, and their identity is described with a view to elucidating the Adwait Vedant doctrine. The whole book is to be read in that light. The *Amritanubhav* does not indulge in poetry as much as the *Dnyaneshwari* does, but there are passages in the former which are exceedingly delicious as poetry, and though the book is not so widely read as *Dnyaneshwari*, competent critics hold it as an even greater work than the latter. Here a translation is given of the first chapter of this great work. An attempt has been made to make the translation as literal as possible, because the writer holds (with many others) that translation is properly neither explanation nor summarising. Of course, he has tried to make it intelligible, and wherever more words have seemed to be needed to make the sense clear, or at any rate to make it less obscure, he has put them in brackets. It often happens that in giving the sense of a passage in a different language, the translator's own prepossessions and prejudices get the better of the original sense, and that is why the method of almost literal translation is here adhered to.

1. I worship the God Shiv and the Goddess Shakti who are the source [of everything], who are the

parents of the universe and who are free from all limitations.

2. In the most beautiful of all places [in the *Brahman*] they are of the same body and in the same line ; but the lover [the God Shiv] who yearned to love another person as his beloved, is [in fact] the beloved herself. [Though we think of them as two, they are one.]

3. With the tremendous force of their love, they entirely swallow up each other [and thus become one], but when they like to be two [as the lover and the beloved], they appear to be separate.

4. [Because the limitation of number does not apply to them], each [of them] is not even one at the same time, then how can being twofold suffice for the couple ? [How can being twofold give perfection to them when even oneness is a limitation they do not brook ?] Even when they assume form, we do not know what they really are [what they are in truth, in essence].

5. What a yearning for pleasure to be enjoyed within oneself ? [To realise that pleasure] they [first] become two and then attain perfect oneness and do not allow that oneness to be affected even in a light moment.

6. They are the parents of a child which is this vast universe, but in spite of that they are so afraid of being separated that the couple are never away from each other [so that the oneness continues unaffected].

7. They themselves witness in their own body the succession of life of the universes, consisting of the animate and the inanimate, but they do not allow the intervention of a third party. [In the management of such a vast universe, the two of them look after everything.]

8. They exist together, they shine forth together [by means of the same lustre] ; the two continue to lead their life together in a spirit of unity and their existence together is without a beginning.

9. When they feel that separateness is not right, they drown themselves in the ocean of oneness, but when they wish to enjoy [for enjoyment, two are necessary] they seek twofoldness.

10. The Devi [Goddess] is perfect on account of the Dev [Shiv] and he, too, would not be a master except for her. [He also is perfect on account of her.] In fact, they are perfect by being complementary to each other.

11. What a sweet union is this ! The two are so vast that this universe cannot accommodate them, and yet they are perfectly contained even in an atom.

12. They will not create even a blade of grass without mutual agreement, and they love each other so dearly that each is the life and the soul of the other.

13. They are very careful about their household affairs. When the master [the God Shiv] retires to rest, the mistress of the house as a responsible person keeps awake. [When the *Atman*, the spiritual, sleeps, the Shakti or the material keeps awake and becomes powerful.]

14. If one of them rises from sleep and is awake [when the spiritual awakens or the material is spiritualised] the whole house is destroyed and nothing remains behind. [The *sansar*, this worldly life, is over, and

Mukti, freedom absolute, is realised.]

15. They seek to contract their separate bodies in order to attain oneness and because of their [apparent] separateness, they appear to be half-and-half [instead of being completely one].

16. They are objects of love to each other : each is a lover to the other and the two, being together, are completely happy.

17. One is the God and the other is the Goddess ; but this difference in name as a man and a woman really does not matter ; in spite of the difference both are the same, both are Shiv. The apparent difference, however, gives rise to the illusion that there is duality in this world.

18. [But that is an illusion.] Just as two musical sticks produce but one musical sound, or just as two flowers strung together give out but one fragrance, or two lamps but one light ;

19. Or just as the two lips speak but one thought, or the two eyes see but one sight ; so also this whole world created by these two is [in essence] but one [not consisting of differences and distinctions].

20. From time immemorial, this couple has been producing [the illusion of] duality, but has been [really] feasting upon the delicious food of oneness.

21. She is such an excellent and faithful wife that she does not know how to exist unless her master is there. [The Shakti is the same as Shiv and cannot exist apart from him.] And he, on his part, is unable to do anything if she is not with him.

22. The master is in evidence because of the mistress ; she is in existence because of him ; it is impossible to differentiate between them.

23. The task of distinguishing one from the other—sugar from sweetness, camphor from fragrance—would indeed be quite impossible.

24. If you propose to remove all light from a lamp, the lamp itself will be in your hands ; in the same manner, if you try to find out the essence of Shakti, you will comprehend Shiv himself.

25. The sun shines forth with lustre, but the source of the lustre is the sun itself. In the same manner, when separateness is conquered completely, beauty alone shines forth.

26. An object is the cause of its reflection and the reflection accurately reflects the object. In the same manner, behind this duality oneness shines forth.

27. He whose existence is above controversy, even when everything besides is proved to be non-existent, has been made into a householder [a man who has a family] by his wife [Shakti]. And he, with a view to creating this universe, has made a wife of her.

28. Without her, the Beloved, even Shiv cannot exist as Shiv ; she is created by Shiv himself.

29. It is her body that has created this universe, and also the God (Shiv) with his godly powers. She has also created herself.

30. Her husband is without a form ; she felt ashamed of that. Therefore she created out of the beauty of her body this rich ornament in the form of this vast universe, the objects in which bear different names and shapes.

31. She, the fortunate one, has very gracefully exhibited the

grandeur of multiplicity, where even unity does not exist [because the idea of unity is relative to the idea of many, and where many are absent, unity also is automatically absent].

32. She contracted herself and the husband became prominent. He contracted himself and the wife became famous. [The knowledge of Brahman is in inverse proportion to the extent of Maya.]

33. He was very eager to see her, so he [really free from all desires] was actuated to become the seer ; but when he becomes indifferent [when he does not wish to see her] his form disappears. [Form is also a limitation or *upadhi*.]

34. In order to please his wife, he has clothed himself in this vast universe. [The God Shiv is called Digambar, one with space as his garment.] When she is not there, he is without raiment. [He is without even a name or a form.]

35. His form is so difficult to comprehend that [though he is everywhere] he became invisible [and therefore some described him as the absence of existence], but in order to please Shakti, he has appeared in the form of this universe.

36. She awakened him and started to feed him on the objects in the universe. He ate up all the food [that was placed before him] and also her who served the food, and then only did he obtain satisfaction. [Then only was his hunger appeased.]

37. When the husband was asleep [was inactive] she gave birth to all the animate and inanimate objects ; when she is inactive [when she rests], he ceases to be master. [He ceases to be a man.]

38. When he hides behind her, we cannot know [comprehend] him. Each of them is like a mirror to the other.

39. Shiv unites with her and enjoys happiness. He can enjoy everything but will not enjoy anything without her.

40. She is a part of him, he is her best beloved. They both unite and enjoy [food] together.

41. Shakti is as completely united with Shiv as speed with a storm or lustre with gold,

42. Or fragrance with musk, or heat with fire. Such is the union of Shiv and Shakti.

43. But in their essence, there is only one and not two, just as when the sun rises, we forget night as well as day [because day is relative to night].

44. The two were as two, only as the result of the employment of the word "two". But in their true essence, Shiv and Shakti are one and the same, and repulse any attribute or condition.

45. This oneness of Shiv and Shakti completely swallows up their diversity produced on account of name and form. Dnyandev reverently pays his homage to this couple who are really one—who are Shiv and nothing else.

46. When Shiv and Shakti unite in an embrace, both become invisible, just as the power of sight diminishes and disappears when the night arrives.

47. In trying to determine their real essence, all attempts of the power of words break down, just as, when

the great destruction occurs and the whole world is flooded with water, both the Ganges and the ocean lose their identity.

48. Or just as in the skies both the wind and its movements cease to exist, or just as at the time of the great destruction, when all becomes oppressive brightness, the sun and light become identical.

49. In the same manner, when one tries to see him clearly, the one who sees and that which he tries to see both cease to exist as the seer and the seen [because they become one and the same]. These two are one like that and I worship them.

50. When one tries to know them, not only does one not get even a drop of the water of the ocean one tries to fathom, but, moreover, in trying to know one ceases to exist oneself. [All ego disappears.]

51. Such is the oneness that pervades everywhere. It is absurd, under these circumstances, if in this unity I am here [as another, to break it up], to salute some one else. [At this stage of knowledge when one realizes the oneness in all diversity, unity alone prevails and the distinction between the worshipper and the worshipped must disappear.]

52. And yet, just as an ornament of gold is not different from gold, though it stands out as a particular ornament, so is this worship offered by me to Shiv and Shakti.

53. When the power of speech describes the power of speech, the subject and the object become identical. And thus there is no contamination of duality.

54. The Ganges [in Sanskrit] is a feminine noun and the ocean is a masculine noun. They unite, and though we make a difference between them on account of these genders and nouns, are not both water without any distinction?

55. The sun gives us power to see, and the sun is seen because of that power. But the sun is the same, the giver of the power and the object comprehended by the help of that power.

56. The moonlight spreads round the disc of the moon, but they are one and not two. The light given by a lamp is not different from the lamp. You cannot separate the light from the lamp.

57. The lustre on the pearl is only to be found on the pearl [not separately], and the cleaner the pearl is the brighter is its lustre.

58. The word ओम् OM is made of the three sounds, अ a, उ u, and म् m, but that does not make the word a threefold thing. The letter ण ṅ is written [used to be written in old Sanskrit] with three perpendicular lines, like this ण, but it is one letter all the same and not three.

59. Why should water not wear the flowers of waves if the latter give it more charm without interfering with its essential unity?

60. Thus I offer worship to Shiv and Bhavani [Shakti], apparently two but always one in reality.

61. When the mirror is taken away, the reflection of an object enters the object itself. When there is no breeze, the waves subside into the water.

62. When sleep is over, the person who slept is himself again. And thus have I given up egotism and worshipped the God and the Goddess.

63. The salt gives up egotism and becomes the ocean itself. I have given up egotism and have become Shiv and Shakti.

64. Just as the inside of a plantain tree becomes the sky by giving up its own distinct existence [as we take off one after another of the layers of the trunk of the plantain tree, the trunk disappears], I, too, have, in worshipping thus [by giving up egotism], become one with Shiv and Shakti.

M. D. ALTEKAR

WORLD WATCH

May I suggest a "World Watch"?

The object of this company of men of good will must be to protect human society everywhere from the dissidents, those who are not content to conform to standards of conduct accepted as necessary by all men who believe, and act, in the spirit of Peace.

The standards of conduct obviously require to be codified and must be published before they can eventually be subscribed to by every individual wishing and willing to join the company.

Thereafter, a spiritual force for Peace should arise and grow, limited ultimately only by the number of men of peaceful spirit in the world. The number of such men may be greater than is generally believed; though many who fancy themselves to be men of peaceful spirit might discover themselves to be in error, and so ineligible without what is called "a change of heart" to join the company of The World Watch.

It was in conformity with a plan of this kind that police forces originated; but unfortunately they evolved swiftly along the lines of material force; spiritual forces becoming less and less the instruments of Peace as time went on, so far as police forces were concerned.

The strength and value of an immense number of peaceful thinkers has been lost sight of, for practical purposes, in the apparent though unreal profit to be derived from the existence of armies of physically strong men supplied with material, as opposed to purely spiritual, means of enforcing at first their common laws and later on their merely national, or even local, preferences.

The old plan of "Watch and Ward" merited, at least, the experimentation it received. It is worth retrial, this time on a spiritual basis.

T. H. WORGAN

GROWTH

[J. H. Watson does "not claim to be a writer, but he does claim to know something of the aspirations of labouring people", as he earns his livelihood as a blast furnaceman.—EDS.]

If by running to seed we mean the perpetuation of the species, man, bound by the same law as the meanest weed, runs to seed when his growth is arrested. Hence the large families of poor people. The first reaction to the shock of unemployment often results in a further addition to the family, an extra mouth to feed out of what is already an inadequate income. As a plant will die in the final endeavour to leave behind some wisp of its kind, so man, whether or not he has reached maturity, responds to blind instinct, peopling the earth with fruit of a sickly tree.

The true path of growth is from physical maturity and affirmation to spiritual understanding and revelation. Gandhi's spiritual power is largely due to his having surpassed the limitations of the flesh, not by evading the law of the flesh but by fulfilling it and thereby becoming free to express the spirit. The quality of the tree determines the nature of the fruit. But we of the Western civilisation are faced with problems which do not arise in the East. Our life has an emphasis on things of the flesh to a degree unknown in the East. We are of the North as well as of the West. Our food must be of sufficient amount to enable us to withstand cold, whereas the tropics enable their inhabitants to conserve their food values for labour. It is this factor which causes the material things of life to loom large in the Western mind. I am a labourer in a heavy industry. My work demands heavier, more frequent meals than does a sedentary occupation. The acute perception which undoubtedly springs sometimes from sheer physical exhaustion is not a common experience. Labourers rarely become saints. Saints may impose physical crucifixion upon themselves, or even suffer it to be inflicted upon them; they often become labourers. But saints are rare. For most men, fully occupied in wresting a living from a grudging society, there is little time in which to achieve any kind of perfection. Yet the crop of saints is still manifest. What is lacking most of all is an adequate response on a sufficiently large scale.

There is another side to this picture. Time and again I have known the hard materialistic core of an ambitious man to soften into a more generous mould when he was cast into conditions of poverty such as his fellows were experiencing. Things of the spirit may well be wooed once the insecurity of economic wealth is realized. But too often is this process inseparable from sentimentalism, and at no time in our history has sentimentalism been a greater blasphemy than it is now.

No. The solving of the bread problem is an urgent necessity if we are to preserve the spiritual values without which modern civilisation must

perish. Paradoxical as it may seem, divorced from spiritual values the bread question will never be solved. No great spiritual leader ever lived who did not utter a defence of the poor against exploitation and proclaim their miseries to the world. A feature of Western civilisation, one might almost say of that part of the world called Christian, is the complete indifference of the one half as to how the other half lives. To understand the nature and the character of growth we must see humanity as a living entity and not as a number of divided classes. To fuse people together because they are parts of a universal spirit is so essential that, if we stand aside in dismay before the magnitude of the task, a totalitarian state will do for a race what we ought to do for man, and *race* is always evil, though its members carry the divine image.

A tree uprooted by the storm, yet retaining a tiny fibrous connection with the earth, will live prone on the ground, but its head will turn, grotesque, twisted, warped, upwards to the sun. So it is with man. Cast him out from his membership of society and he will become alien to the rest of his kind. Cast out many of his kind, give them a hint of our criminal indifference, and society will suffer for its sin of neglect. He that is not of us will rend us. In England nearly two million men were, have been and are likely to remain unemployed. Not always the same individuals, but the same total. Few realize the check on growth which results from this drastic pruning, and that while the nation argues as to how much money a workless man should be given, idleness eats like a canker and the sagging spirits of these men become a drag on us all.

The flesh must be made manifest that the spirit may be born and that man may reach his full stature. Such a demand needs the full resources of the whole of mankind.

Above the need for effort, courage, self-discipline is the need for a heart full of love, the larger heart of mankind. The struggles of good men in quiet corners of the earth must be linked together to form the nucleus of a new cycle of growth. The lives of great men tend to become divorced from the stream of common humanity. Money has erected barriers even in dealing with the problems of refugees where one would expect a broad humanity in the face of common suffering. But in spite of all this, at the heart of mankind lies the desire to belong, the need to be recognized as part of the tree. Dictators and politicians will keep up the siege so long as good men delegate the solution of economic problems to them. To keep alive—and by simply being alive one keeps faith to-day—is to maintain the only growth possible in our generation.

But we are responsible for much more than the perpetuation of the species; otherwise we should be creatures of blind instinct, fit only to become as the beasts that perish.

J. H. WATSON

RATIONALE OF POWER WORSHIP

[**G. A. Chandavarkar** is the author of *A Manual of Hindu Ethics.* This article was written before the outbreak of War.—EDS.]

The course of the history of man's ideals and achievements has never run smooth. It reveals many currents and cross-currents in his feelings and failings. But in one direction its progress is worthy of note. At one time and another man has striven after beauty, after truth and knowledge, after wealth, and often after Deity. But in all his struggles his love for Power—be it physical or moral—has been inordinate. From time immemorial this love of Power has made or marred his or his nation's history. The Vedic bards prayed for *Aujas* or *Tejus*—Power and Glory. The Suras and the Asuras in their own time sought it, one against the other. The Shaktas in their worship of Shaktee symbolised it. The Greeks and the Romans glorified it in their arts and even in their laws. The Emperors like Charlemagne, Louis XIV and Napoleon were its ardent votaries. Their modern counterparts sing the pæans of Power. Dictators vehemently declare that "the relations between states are the relations of force". The dominant theme in the past and to-day is force. What all the self-glorification, self-aggrandisement and repression on the part of dictators will ultimately lead to, none can prophesy with precision. That far-seeing statesman General Smuts has rightly declared, " A state of lawlessness is abroad." What are the main-springs of this age-long urge for power ? How did the ancient Aryans combat its evils and what ideals did they suggest for taming aggressive power ? These questions are of supreme interest. In the field of social science there is no study more interesting and instructive than the analysis of the human motives leading to the worship of Power.

The ancient Aryans held that the possession of Power was not in itself an evil. Everything depended on the way in which it was used. If used for " the acquisition of knowledge, charity and the protection of the weak", it was commendable. " *Dānāya, Jnānāya* and *Rakshṇāya* " were its only legitimate uses. When Daityas like Ravana and Kansa misused it, Rama and Krishna exercised their influence to check them. Bheebheeshana warned Ravana, and Krishna cautioned the Kauravas against its misuse. When kings like Janaka and Ashoka made benevolent use of their power, peace and harmony prevailed in the land. But if power be considered as an end and not as a means, disasters follow. Taming the urge to power is a difficult process, requiring a tremendous amount of energy. Of old power was supposed to be centred in the king. But he was to be a *Raja*—one who would 'please' the subjects. The root meaning of that charming word was *Ranj* — to please. Even God's designation was " *Deena-vatsal* " or " *Deenanath* "—Lover of the meek and the humble. Kalidas says that " even the taxes were to be collected from the people with the sole object

of doing them good, after the manner of the sun drawing moisture from the earth only to give it back in the form of rain". The antidote prescribed for lust for power was a sincere desire to do good to others. *Paropakaraya Satam Vibhutayah* was the ideal. The wielders of power were subject also to the restraining influence of institutions like the *Ashtapradhanas* —a circle of ministers.

In modern democracies Parliaments and Assemblies exercise control over the rulers. That demands the development of the scientific mind in the nation. Wielders of power must be made to realise in their own interests not only that it is not enough to be good but also that it is positively dangerous to be bad. Public opinion should be so educated as to check the evil tendencies amongst the worshippers of power. The Tamasic nature should be controlled by the Satweek nature. The Guna of Tamasa leads to misery, while that of Satwa leads to prosperity. This is true in the case both of individuals and of nations. The Asuras fell and the Suras triumphed because of their respective Tamasic and Satweek natures.

Heeranyakashapa and Balee Chakravartees developed totalitarian states, making "force" their idol. The inevitable result was their ruin. For a time they succeeded, but as the bond holding their subjects was one of force and not one of sympathy their rule could not be lasting. Dictators, however powerful they may appear to be in the beginning, sow seeds of destruction and ultimately reap the fruits of misery. Even their beneficence is fraught with danger, being necessarily tinged with self-aggrandisement and aggression. They possess a giant's strength and unfortunately they rush headlong with a giant's stride to use it. Naturally they invite ruin on themselves and on their people.

The outstanding problem of the world to-day is how to devise effective means of checking the onward march of the totalitarian states and the reckless greed of the dictators. The worship of Power and the apotheosis of the state go hand in hand. In the union of the world's democracies and in the satisfaction of the legitimate ambitions of the nations and particularly of the aspirations of the subject races lies the salvation of mankind. A new civilisation has to be evolved. It will have to be broad-based on the good will of the people forming the great democracies of the world. A world state has to be created. *Lokasangraha,* in the words of the *Geeta,* has to be aimed at. The Aryan Path of *Paropakara* and *Tyaga*—of Philanthropy and Self-sacrifice—has to be trodden. In that direction seems to lie the hope of mankind.

G. A. CHANDAVARKAR

TAO AND ITS GLOZES

[Lawrence Durrell in the following article suggests a method whereby the real Tao can be differentiated from that which is not the Tao. He rightly perceives that Tao is a philosophy, but also much more. Indeed it is "the uncreate unborn and eternal energy of nature, manifesting periodically. Nature as well as man when it reaches purity will reach *rest*, and then all become one with Tao, which is the source of all bliss and felicity. As in the Hindu and Buddhistic philosophies, such purity and bliss and immortality can only be reached through the exercise of virtue and perfect quietude of our worldly spirit; the human mind has to control and finally subdue and even crush the turbulent action of man's physical nature; and the sooner he reaches the required degree of moral purification, the happier he will feel."—EDS.]

It has become a commonplace in literary criticism to-day to refer to the disparities which exist between certain portions of Lao Tzu's *Book of the Simple Way*: to accept, with the limpid resignation of the scholar, the apparent confusions (the word is repeatedly used) of which the text seems so full. So far, it seems, no one has tried to disentangle the conflicting fibres of doctrine and statement. Indeed, the task is not one to attract the boldest of textual scholars, for properly speaking no text exists which would offer the reader any canon on which to build an analytical or critical scheme. Yet it seems to me that a method may be found—perhaps not stable or exhaustive enough to satisfy the pedant, but sufficiently exciting to interest the student of Tao—a method by which one may catch glimpses of the original work among the glozes and shifting emendations of later scribes. The clue lies embedded like a diamond in the body of the text itself; a clue sufficiently cardinal to allow one a firm working foundation.

Now Tao has been defined as a philosophy which remains always in sharp contradistinction to the Confucian (more generally the "Socratic") dialect of the ethic; but it is more than that. (The word "Philosophy" still carries with it the taint of method given it by the Greeks, from which it has been impossible to free it.) Tao seems to be almost more than this; it is an attempt to localise an experience, which itself is too comprehensive to be included in the mere confines of language. Throughout the book one can feel the language probing, like a pair of giant calipers, attempting to circumscribe a realm, for the expression of which we have nothing between the madman's idiom and the A minor Quartet. The searchlight of the ratiocinative principle is too weak to light up this territory: words themselves are used as a kind of sculpture, to symbolize what cannot be directly expressed: the heraldry of language is called into play to accentuate, to attest to, to pierce through the rind of the merely cognative impulse and delineate once and for all the mystery, the resting place of the Tao.

"*The true Tao is not the subject of discussion.*" In your opening

statement you are faced with an attitude which, more exactly expressed as the text proceeds, ends in a complete and final denial of principle; a denial, in fact, of polarity, of schism. The affirmation here is that of a total personality, speaking from its totality. In the symbol of the Simple Way, expressed once and for all, you will find no trace of that abruption of the personality from its cosmos which has hallucinated European thought ever since pre-Socratic times. There is, to write nicely, no human entity; it is merged in the All. Here there is no trace of the rupture between the individual and his scenery. Fused, there remains only the gigantic landscape of the spirit, in which our Aryan problem, ("To be, or not to be") is swallowed up, exhausted, sucked dry by the eternal factor—the Tao. The house admits its resident: the tenant is absorbed, like a piece of tissue, into the very walls of his spiritual house. The world of the definition is exploded.

All this is so exhaustively written out in the book that it seems a little difficult at first to locate those areas in which the conflicting ideas enter. But with this profound clue (the denial, the absolution of principle) it would seem possible to retrace one's steps; and against this rule, measure the various phases of the text.

One thing becomes clear: if the denial of the dogmatic principle is the key-note of the document, then what confusions there are operate always in the realm of the *ethic*. It is only here that the voice becomes muffled, that the statement, otherwise so pure in its lingual evasions of the rule, becomes muddy, ambiguous.

The struggle is directed always against the Confucian scheme, the precocious assumption of man over men, over God, over the spiritual landscape; and luckily for us the Confucian contribution serves admirably to light up for us those precise departments of the idea which might remain as yet obscure.

> When a man with a taste for reforming the world takes the business in hand, it is easily seen that there is no end to it. For spiritual vessels are not fashioned in the world. Whoever makes, destroys; whoever grasps, loses.

And again :—

> A Sage is one who is full of rectitude, but he does not, on that account, hack and carve at others...He is upright and yet does not undertake to straighten others.

In these two extracts from Lao Tzu his stance seems clearly enough defined. He refuses the dogma with its sharp black and white tones. Within the experience of which he talks there is room for infinite adjustment, infinite movement. The imposition of the iron scheme is a violence from which he utterly dissociates himself; his method is a wingless flying—an act which operates along a line where the mere mechanics of the act is lost;—is irrelevant. His refusal to *transform* the flora and fauna of his world is a direct challenge to the world of dogmatic relations, where good is balanced against evil, black against white, being against non-being; the world of opposites, from which alone flowers the ethic, the canon, the principle. In his refusal to accept

the limited concepts of language, he shows his wariness against the destroying, limiting effect of definition.

> It is when we come to speak of Beauty as a thing apart that we at once define Ugliness. So when goodness is seen to be good, then we become aware of what is evil...For this reason the Sage only concerns himself with that which does not give rise to prejudice.

He will not place himself at the mercy of the dogmatic principle, which, he realizes, can carry embedded in it the poisons of the divided personality, against which the volatile principle of *being* is at war. Consequently he sees that the ratiocinative principle *itself* must go; and as the document closes, this is the note which is sounded in a last exhaustion; the last attempt to speak coherently from the very heart of Tao.

If we accept this as the ultimate statement from which the Tao lives, then it at once becomes obvious that we have in our hands a clue which relates to the actual text. For it is precisely where there occur abrupt expressions of dogma that the same "confusions" also arise of which our scholars have talked for so long.

But let us pause for a moment to consider those to whom we owe the impurities in the text. What concerned *them* was never the Tao itself (the inexpressible IT); but merely a means of realizing it, tapping its reservoirs for Peace; transforming it into an ideal easily attainable by religious *practice*. The history of this book: the subsequent erection of a huge and corrupt dogmatic theology around it—these prove our point beyond all doubt. What concerned the men who came after was a *practice* of Tao—a thing which could never exist in something whose theme was merely the localization of The Experience, with which language could deal, at the best, imprecisely. Their concern was credo; a credo that carried with it the iron imperative.

If we go back, then, keeping this fact in mind, we at once fall upon passages which carry the strange theological imperatives bedded in them.

> The pride of wealth and glory is companied with care, so that *one should come to a full stop* when a good work is completed, and when honour is advancing.

The imperative here is barbed with implications; the theological overtone slightly too obvious.

> By expelling impure things from the mind it is possible to remain untainted and to continue in obscurity....

Quotation in the bulk would be tiresome. The object of this note, impertinent enough in itself, is not to provide a hunting ground for the contentious scholar; rather I have suggested an exciting game which would interest those for whom the Book of the Simple Way is still confused, still a little obscure. By striking at the ethic wherever it appears in the text, one is suddenly faced with a genuine clearance of all the "confusions". The book is empty of dead wood, the tree itself stands out, free and glowing, as it must have been originally.

Empty the document of these bewildering *volte-faces* and the circle finds itself harmoniously closed once more; we enter the centrum again. The "confusions" have gone.

LAWRENCE DURRELL

STUDIES IN SHELLEY

III.—HIS PROSE

[This is the last of a series of three articles by Miss Katherine Merrill; the first, dealing with the poet's background, was published in October and the second, on his poetry, in November.—EDS.]

Poet—prophet—philosopher — the three are one; each is religious, ethical, compassionate; the faculties and the powers are the same in all, though differing in ratio. If this unity can be a fact when the qualities are exhibited in separate men, it is even more true when they combine to make one being such as Shelley. Though manifesting variety, they are then blended into a rich harmony. No surprise can be felt, therefore, that the thought-content in Shelley's poetry is expressed also in philosophical prose essays[1] and prefaces.

One of the most important—*A Philosophical View of Reform*—suggests the philosopher-quality by its mere name; and the Essay justifies its title. Yet the prophet-quality exists also, and is practically proved by the early coming into operation of some of the reforms most earnestly advocated. This Essay especially might cause us to regret that he did not live longer, to an age of greater maturity. Though few opinions of his could have won approval from the conservative or the timid, yet the dignity, the analytical power, the positive political wisdom and the comprehensive outlook here shown give strong indication of where an added score of years might have placed him as a philosophical, political, humanitarian thinker. But on the other hand, it seems more likely that the work he came back to do was indeed done when he died.

For if he is viewed as one of the preëminent contributors to the Theosophical Movement, it becomes clear that his life was long enough to have performed his particular function—that of stating in expansive, beautiful, heart-reaching poetry those lines of thought sent out and fostered by the Great Lodge in the time immediately preceding his own life-period. The placing, too, of that life-period gave him an added function—of living on into the darkness of disappointment that came on men with the apparent failure of their hopes and ideals. Though suffering keenly these same pangs himself, he yet fulfilled his mission of maintaining faith in the ideals, of encouraging and even of guiding the strugglers possessed of lower spiritual vitality than he.

These statements may suggest a hidden reason why he produced little prose. The embodiment in prose of the great Adept ideas of the eighteenth century had been amply carried out before him. No other man, however, equalled the embodiment made through him as poet in English. And it was important that a poet in English should arise; be-

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[1] *Cf.* Salt, *Selected Prose Works of Shelley*, 1922. And *A Philosophical View of Reform*, edited by Rolleston, 1920.

cause in the next century the operations of the Great Lodge were to be especially among English-speaking people in both West and East ; Its nineteenth-century Messages, unexampled previously in fullness and directness, were to be recorded in the English language—pitifully limited for such concepts though it be. Important, too, it was that that poet should be a singer—one whose lyrical flights, while springing from a profound philosophical base, should, like those of his own loved bird, carry his listeners with them through their longing, striving hearts. Other poets only now and then showed the skylark nature. Shelley *was* that nature.

Prose, accordingly and spiritually, could not be his proper medium. As servitor of the world, both his dharma and his karma demanded otherwise. Enough prose was produced to prove his easy power over the purely philosophical form of expression. Yet it is most significant that the only prose Essay, as such, which he finished, concerns poetry ; defends poetry from an unjust attack, and poetry of just the philosophical and exalted type which he himself aspired to write. That Essay, too, with entire spontaneity, often reveals in style and feeling much of the lyrical quality of his own verse.

True, as one of the world's servitors, he would have reached his dharma more quickly if in youth he had avoided the acts that called out the world's calumny. But slowly the calumny has ceased, the beneficent Adept ideas and the spokesmen of those ideas were and are as much needed as ever, and the value of Shelley's work has in consequence been more and more recognized.

Nor do his prose writings present a different range of subjects—if his youthful romantic fiction be excepted. This was of value mainly as a training-ground and a relief of boyish effervescence. It cannot claim serious attention. In prose and verse the important topics are identical—topics that in essence belong either to the time preceding him or to his own time of general disillusionment. All his worthier writings, though so broad in allusiveness and background, bend their wealth to what is involved in his great primary humanitarian aim —the progression, the freedom, the spiritual exaltation even through suffering, and the final perfection of MAN.

His Prefaces and Notes to his poems, besides their great expository value, at times stretch out into the wholly unexpected ; as in the Note on *Queen Mab*, VI, 45, which indicates some perception of ethical meanings in the shifting of the earth's axis. He says : " The progress of the perpendicularity of the poles may be as rapid as the progress of intellect ", and there may be " a perfect identity between the moral and the physical improvement of the human species ".

The Necessity of Atheism, A Refutation of Deism, and the *Essay on Christianity* form a distinct group. In them all "atheism" means a rejection of the Christian theology with its one personal God. Both reason and honesty led him to this rejection as a " necessity ". The two earlier papers are attempts to reach the mathematics of the soul (including God) by merely external material

reason. They evidence the influence on Shelley's young mind of Locke, Hobbes, and other rationalist thinkers. He himself, however, soon repudiated this influence, and found among modern philosophers much inner satisfaction and confirmation in the idealistic writings of Berkeley.

The *Essay on Christianity* is far richer, maturer, less materialistic. Here he delineates with some fullness the character of Jesus as a great heroic figure. Yet the fact is noted also that the records are questionable. " He has left no written record of himself—his biographers (our only guides) transmitted imperfect and obscure information—where contradictions occur." The picture of Jesus is partly made by enlarging with praise on his teaching itself, including his concept of God. Jesus means that God is " the overruling Spirit of all the energy and wisdom—of the collective energy of the moral and material world—something mysteriously and illimitably pervading the frame of things—the Benignant Principle—the Universal Cause ". This *Essay* seems to have had a rather wide appeal. Its unequivocal praises of the nature and teaching of Jesus were certain to lessen the hysterical opposition to both the poet and his work in general.

The *Letter to Lord Ellenborough* has a special interest for theosophists. The printer of Part III of Paine's *Age of Reason* was sentenced by Lord Ellenborough to eighteen months' imprisonment and one hour in the pillory. Here was a concrete instance of persecution, and Shelley's rebuke was as pointed and caustic as Voltaire's charges against similar persecutions. It proved Shelley's virility in handling an important public personage and event. Difference of religious opinion, masking itself as defence of morality, Shelley found to be the real basis of the judge's action. The direct forceful questions he addressed to the judge—unanswerable, in fact, except by admitting guilt—revealed the skill of his reasoning, the keenness of his serious wit, the temperateness yet the extraordinary courage of his mingled defence and attack. Besides, the *Letter* was a purely disinterested work for a cause, a bit of altruistic practice instead of theory. And it was wholly impersonal—even though it might involve a personal danger. For if offended Legality had turned its engines in another direction, nobody would have been hurt but Shelley.

The *Defence of Poetry* is indeed a notable piece of writing and has become a classic in literary criticism. His remarks on poets as ethical teachers ; on the imagination as an " imperial faculty, the great instrument of moral good"; on love as " the secret of morals " and as the altruistic feeling that "makes the pains and pleasures of the species one's own "—show convincingly the philosophic and theosophic nature of his thought.

His highest comment identifies poetry with nothing less than the Wisdom-Religion itself :—

> Poetry is indeed something divine. It is at once the centre and circumference of knowledge ; it is that which comprehends all science, and that to which all science must be referred. It is at the same time the root and blossom of all other systems of thought ; it is that from which all spring.

Shelley's calling this " poetry " was

accidental rather than essential. He was describing the highest he knew, and gave it the name that meant the most to him and was the least tainted by false religious thinking.

The deepest, most theosophic Shelley appears too in the short sketch called *On Life.* In this he forgets argument and becomes just a Thinker and Perceiver, observant of self, other selves, and Nature. The great Pulsation flows through him, absorbing and unifying. What he depicted at the close of *Adonais* with such exalted synthetic feeling and imagery, he here states with quiet observation issuing from a profound outreach of soul into its own experiences. A child, he says, does not

> distinguish between itself and what surrounds it. All is one. Some persons are always children. Those who are subject to the state called reverie, feel as if their nature were dissolved into the surrounding universe, or as if the surrounding universe were absorbed into their being. They are conscious of no distinction. And these are states which accompany an unusually intense and vivid apprehension of life.

Says *The Voice of the Silence,* "The pupil must regain *the child-state he has lost.*" Shelley had natural experiences of the state of Dharana. "The light from the ONE MASTER" entered into him easily, for he was not one of those encased in worldliness.

William Q. Judge tells of Beings " who have passed through many occult initiations in previous lives, but are now . . . living in circumstances and in bodies that hem them in, as well as for a time make them forget the glorious past. . . . These *obscured adepts*. . . . can be more easily used for the spreading of influences and the carrying out of effects necessary for the preservation of spirituality in this age of darkness."

May not the man called Shelley—misunderstood, reviled, struggling under a load of blunders and sorrows, as a poet too little self-critical and too exuberant, never becoming full master of his excessively fertile mind, yet through all errors ever burning with an unquenched fire of altruism—may he not have been such an Obscured Adept ?

The range of adeptship this Being must have reached in previous lives cannot even be guessed ; though perhaps the thick obscurity he laboured through is an indication. For only a high Being could have penetrated such karmic darkness as enveloped Shelley—which must have originated both in past lives and in the present —and yet have brought out into light such a treasury of spiritual knowledge as was his.

It may well be time for us, as users of English and as recipients of the less veiled benefactions of Theosophy, to include, with modesty, in our " vindication of calumniated but glorious reputations " that Being named Shelley.

KATHERINE MERRILL

ESCAPISM VERSUS SPIRITUALITY

[Francis S. Gritton writes of some primary but often overlooked truths for practitioners of the higher life. How many among such can say—" It does not matter what happens to me personally....."—EDS.]

He who would enter upon the Spiritual Life has no easy task before him. The way lies hard and difficult, stretching out before him like a grim and desolate waste, wherein no oasis can be seen. Obstacles, many of them seemingly insuperable, are to be seen on every side, and it is only the man who is filled with an undaunted courage and an unbreakable will to persevere that will succeed.

Spirituality does not consist in retiring to the solitude of a monastery or the wastes of an uninhabited desert. What is important is the inner impulse behind such actions, and it is this inner attitude that constitutes spirituality. External actions mean nothing unless they are an absolutely sincere expression of the mental state that actuates them.

So spirituality entails an inner change which is nothing short of revolutionary. It completely reverses our usual approach to life, which is essentially self-centred, and causes us to become entirely selfless and dispassionate. This mode of living entails a complete renunciation of personal wishes and desires and entirely changes our motives for action.

At present our actions are mostly performed from motives of self-interest, in one form or another. We often think that we are acting absolutely unselfishly but generally, deep in the subconscious, there is some personal motive actuating us. So the first step towards the realization of the Spiritual Life is the utter forgetfulness of the personal self. This forgetfulness must be absolute ; there can be no half-measures, no compromise. At present, when we are confronted with any situation, we at once react automatically and subconsciously ask ourselves, "How does this affect me ? Will it help me, or will it harm me and cause me pain ?"

True spontaneous action, however, is selfless, and the action is performed for its own sake, not for hope of any reward. This entails a very rigid process of self-examination. All one's motives must come under the searchlight of conscience and be examined with the utmost scrupulousness. We must question our thoughts, feelings and actions.

The first and the most important question that we must put to ourselves is this: "Why am I desirous of taking up the Spiritual Life ?" The motive that prompts us to enter upon the way of spirituality must be honestly sought out, and if it is found to be not pure and selfless, then it would be better for us not to concern ourselves with spiritual things at all, for in that case our spirituality would be pseudo-spirituality.

Unfortunately most of what passes to-day for spirituality is pseudo-spirituality. The motive of many people is merely one of escape. Finding life hard and unpleasant, people seek solace in belief. They build up pictures for themselves of a heaven in

which all is perfect and where sorrow is unknown. They delight in dwelling on such pictures, in order to distract their weary minds from the uncomfortable realities around them. They perceive themselves and their neighbours around them as very imperfect beings, and so they comfort themselves with ideas of their ultimate perfection.

Such people either avail themselves of the comfort of a particular religion or else they attempt to dabble in mysticism. Occultism, when used to further personal ends, is utterly evil. The occult forces are actually no more spiritual in themselves than the mere physical forces; they merely act on a plane beyond the reach of human physical sense perception. They are spiritual only when, and because, they are used for the helping on of human evolution. This fact is very important, and it is well to note that a scientist, dealing only in physical phenomena, who acts with the purest motives, may be more spiritual than an occultist who uses his powers solely to gratify his own desires and to further his own ends.

Clearly then, it is the ethical approach to spirituality that is of the first importance. We must, therefore, ask ourselves unceasingly why we wish to become spiritual. Is it that we wish to be great and to be looked up to, or is it that we wish to lead humanity to better ways of living?

We must ask ourselves why we wish to ascertain whether there is survival after death—why we wish to awaken latent psychic powers—why we wish to know if there are more than three dimensions of space. Finally—and this is perhaps the most important point—we must be able to say to ourselves with the utmost sincerity: "It does not matter what happens to me personally. I will think only of the benefit to humanity, and if it furthers the cause of human evolution that I should suffer, however terribly, I shall not shrink from such suffering, but will accept it joyfully."

The gateway leading to the spiritual life is barred by a great question mark. To open this gate we have to remove this question mark, to answer all these pressing questions to the full, and when we have done this—but not before—we shall be permitted to enter the portals of the life eternal and the peace that passes all understanding.

FRANCIS S. GRITTON

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

A CHURCH MISSIONARY ON HINDUISM

[J. C. Kumarappa is the Organiser and Secretary of the All India Village Industries Association. He belongs to a well-known South Indian Christian family and is himself a better follower of Jesus than most of the missionaries.—EDS.]

The Haskell Lectures delivered in the Graduate School of Theology, Oberlin College, U. S. A., early this year, are put together in this book,* which embodies the typical outlook of the more intelligent missionary. Professor Sydney Cave tacitly concedes that the lives of some Hindus may put the lives of some Western Christians to shame and therefore he pleads that we limit ourselves to the comparison merely of "the ideals of Hinduism and of the Christian Gospel." Professor Cave cannot see that Hinduism consists of systems of various kinds laid down to guide persons in differing stages of evolution and that that is the reason why savants like Sir S. Radhakrishnan, saints like Gandhiji, and animists and idolators all find consolation in it. Hinduism reduces to practice the ideal of the Messiah who will adapt himself to the capacity of his followers.

"A bruised reed shall he not break, and smoking flax shall he not quench."

"He shall gently lead those that are with young."

But our missionary friends in their zeal will trim the smoking flax into a flame and whip up those that are with young into a gallop. This capacity for adaptation is what appears as tolerance in Hinduism. It is a more Christlike quality than our Christian friends would have it. Even to-day many find it difficult to understand Gandhiji—a devotee of non-violence—wanting to extend co-operation to the British in this war. Though he himself, as a *satyagrahi*, would want to go to the fullest limit of non-violence, he feels that Britain is a smoking flax and he wants to help the British, however little it may be, along the path of non-violence. The same attitude will explain his relations with the Congress. This is the true Hindu attitude.

One wishes that Prof. Sydney Cave had resisted the temptation to intersperse in the book statements of the nature of propaganda such as the following which is calculated to prejudice the reader :—"Even in peaceful Travancore I got from a Hindu shop a picture of her (Kali) cutting off the heads of Europeans, which had for its inscription *Bande Mataram, Hail Mother*! "Unattractive as is this goddess, she has many devoted worshippers."

Prof. Cave and his like forget when they limit themselves to the historic Jesus that Jesus himself did not claim finality for his teachings. To have done so would have spelt death. Christ is not a hitching post which once attained remains constant. In emphasising this claim Christian friends do less than justice to Jesus who said "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now. Howbeit when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth (John XVI, 12, 13). When this is properly understood the teachings of Jesus are not to be bound between the two covers of the *New Testament* nor are they limited by time or space. "God is a Spirit; and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth" (John iv, 24). If we are to limit ourselves to the historic Jesus, who was a meat eater, his ethics cannot be claimed to have

* *Hinduism or Christianity*. By SYDNEY CAVE. (Hodder and Stoughton, London. 6s).

reached out to the dumb animals, like those of the Buddha or of Hinduism that believes in "cow protection". Surely the devotion of Prof. Cave will not allow Jesus to be so lowered. The sooner these claims of patent rights are destroyed the better. It sounds childish to hear scholars like Prof. Sydney Cave seriously entering into a disputation as to what ideas Sir S. Radhakrishnan or Gandhiji has "borrowed" from Christianity. Cannot even the thought of the West dissociate itself from property rights? Truth is one and God is one; and the very title of this book *Hinduism or Christianity*? is an insult to the Spirit if any human act can affect it. Among children of God "there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free".

Of course, no book on Hinduism can be complete if no mention of the "vulgar and obscene" images of the temples of India is made. We are told on page 181 "None who has seen the great temples of South India, the Saivite temples of Madura and Tanjore, and the Vaishnavite temple of Srirangam, can be surprised that those who see them for the first time are tempted to feel for Hinduism only repulsion." I respectfully beg to differ. All art is subjective. "Evil to him who evil thinketh." A Roumanian artist of European fame painted a picture of a deer being speared by a hunter. The deer was down on its forelegs. You can almost see two tear drops falling from its meek and plaintive eyes. What does this picture show? The cruelty of the artist's heart or his extreme kindliness and pity for the victim? The effect this picture had on a lady who was viewing this sermon on canvas was to move her to tears. The artist was a vegetarian who was strongly opposed to the slaughter of animals. Here, in this canvas, was the artist's "wayside pulpit" pleading the cause of his dumb friends.

When I first saw one of the "obscene" sculptures referred to by our author it produced in me a feeling not of repulsion but of sorrow and grief, because it seemed a "wayside pulpit" denouncing, with all the vehemence that a pure spirit can summon, the degradation of womanhood and manhood even at the present. At the risk of shocking prudish minds I shall venture to state what that sculpture was. It was of a woman engaging in the sexual act with a bull. I cannot vouch for what the artist meant but to me it seemed to depict the low state to which men and women had fallen. The Bull is a symbol of mere sexuality and the woman had sunk to the level of a means for satisfying lust. How many women to-day, even married women, are in exactly the position depicted by the artist—marriage being merely licensed prostitution? Apart from this in States like Italy, Germany and Russia a premium is paid to women who produce a large number of children for gun fodder. Is this proper motherhood or is it breeding like cattle? If it is the latter, how beautifully the sculpture denounces it! Modern society, which allows without a shudder the advertisement of contraceptives on trees, by the wayside and on telegraph posts and thereby proclaims the place assigned to women in the present civilisation, should hold its head down in shame. I may be asked if I am warranted in my presumption. In the first place, the picture is an unnatural scene; therefore, it must be taken symbolically. Secondly, the very fact that such sculptures are found in a temple—a holy building—makes my interpretation plausible. It would be different had it been placed in a house of ill fame as at Pompeii. What better place than a temple for such a sermon on purity?

One wishes scholars like Prof. Sydney Cave would dedicate their talents to unifying cultures rather than using them to discover or to exaggerate differences that may be accidental. Such publications as these are divisive in their effect and so are to be deplored.

J. C. KUMARAPPA

A Garden of Peonies. Translations of Chinese Poems into English Verse. By HENRY H. HART. (Stanford University Press, California. $ 2.50)

In China, no less than in Japan, poetry is "universal as the air", implicated in the subconscious reserves of even the humblest people. These two Oriental countries can certainly boast of an unbroken tradition in poetry extending to over two millennia of crowded history. In Chinese literature, periods succeed one another with unfaltering regularity; new generations are forever piping songs forever new: but there are no startling breaks, no revolutions in taste, no wild angularities in technical development. Be it a famous poet of the T'ang Dynasty or an obscure poet of the lean Sung Dynasty, his accents and his utterance, his sentiments and his outlook equally reveal the uniqueness of Chinese poetry. He realizes that poetry at its best is no more than an attempt to articulate the fugitive experiences of mankind, the stored munificence of racial memory. It is not by exploring the shockingly new but by rediscovering the incalculably old that the authentic poet can be true to the great profession of poetry. In consequence, Chinese poets are never tired of handling the same old familiar themes; and yet the poems themselves are perennially fresh like the life-giving breath of Spring. They sing tirelessly of the many-hued loveliness of Nature—of peonies and pear blossoms, of orchids and chrysanthemums, of sunset and moonlight, of spring showers and dancing shadows, and of twinkling fireflies that look like stars beside the moon. The peony, of course, is for the Chinese "the King of Flowers" —"the symbol of love and affection, representing the virile qualities of the man and the virtue of the woman". A contemporary Japanese poet, Shibafune, thus rhapsodizes at the sight of the peonies :—

How it meets the faces of men—
the breath of the peony flowers,
which have been inhaling the bright spring sun
with all their powers.

These Nature poems of the Chinese exhilarate the reader likewise. Like the peonies themselves, they are variegated and rich in size and colour, and in the glow of their emotional exaltation. Dr. Hart, who has rendered them into English verse with a poet's taste, has also with an artist's perception supervised the production of his book. The peonies constitute the background of every page, and the marginalia in Chinese script aptly suggest the romance of the Orient, its curious remoteness and its pervading melancholy.

For Chinese poetry is ever insinuating the unescapable ache in the heart of things. Keats lamented in his "Ode to Melancholy" the imperceptible hurt that Beauty suffers—and the fact that at the very temple of delight veiled melancholy hath her sovran shrine. This the Chinese poets are always reiterating in an infinity of subtle touches, uncannily evocative and also astonishingly quiet. No other country, perhaps, has produced a body of poetry so rich in imagery, so repeatedly transfigured by the most simple suggestions, so doggedly vivifying the tears in things and yet so completely governed by a tone of inveterate resignation. Li Po could posit the most disturbing of questions in the sparest language :—

If I look behind me
Or before,
What is there
Worth holding precious
In the empty honours
Of this sad fleeting world?

If the past is full of regrets and the future is dim and uncertain, what other course is there except to be gay if possible, to drink if one must? But the Chinese poet never roars out the fiery efficacy of wine like an Omar Khayyam; he wants only cups that cheer, but not inebriate; he is, accordingly, disconcertingly sober even when he is apparently drunk. Youth must fade, and beauty certainly cannot last: what then?

Far better is laughter
Than sadness,
And songs are more cheerful
Than tears.
So come,

Rejoice now and be happy;
Do not wait
For the long empty years.

And so, too, with the ironies of circumstance, and the sharp eddies in life's darkling current. Desolation, loneliness, separation, death itself—these will some time or other fall to one's lot, the more's the pity! But where's the benefit in kicking against the pricks, screaming aloud and tearing one's hair like a maniac? Were it not better to look upon life, as the Chinese do, as upon a dream, an empty dream, and to watch its strange vicissitudes with intelligent unconcern? The Chinese can undergo misery without self-torturing twinges, as they can experience joy without offensive exultation. Indeed, as Dr. Hart observes, the Chinese have during the ages perfected "the art of living together". One of the Chinese poets of the T'ang Dynasty, Li Shang-lin, wisely declared: "Literature endures like the universal spirit, and its breath becomes a part of the vitals of all men." Such poetry as is found within the attractive covers of Dr. Hart's volume, indicating a way of life, an integrated recipe for acquiring such happiness as may still be possible in our sublunary world, must have trickled down to the innumerable millions of China's sons and daughters, and taught them to bear uncomplainingly the manifold ills their chequered history has been heir to; and perhaps it is not too much to hope that such specimens as Dr. Hart has garnered with industry and taste from this delectable Garden of Peonies may give even those to whom Chinese literature is a closed book some valuable clues to the art of right living—an art that in these days of Hitlerism and industrialism seems buried, like Prospero's wand, deeper than ever plummet sounded. Dr. Hart, like Mr. Witter Bynner and Professor Giles before him, has done a seemingly impossible task with the rarest distinction. Ethereal to a fault, Chinese poetry must baffle the attempts of the Westerner to get at its quintessence; he is in danger of transforming the soap-bubble beauty and fragility of the original into the offensive crudity of masses of hard rock. But so long and so reverently has Dr. Hart breathed the perfume of Chinese poetry that his renderings ring ever sincere and true.

K. R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR

Major Road Ahead. A Young Man's Ultimatum. Edited, with a Prefatory Letter to Hitler, by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE. (Methuen and Co. Ltd., London. 5*s*.)

The most outstanding feature of Britain's declaration of war upon Germany, as a result of the latter's invasion of Poland, is the remarkable unanimity of British public opinion in favour of armed resistance to the growing Nazi menace. How is it that a nation that had been steadily accepting pacifism as a cardinal principle (the "We will not fight for King or Country" resolution of the Oxford Union was but one manifestation of the new attitude!) is now, miraculously as it were, ranged in armed battalions? *Major Road Ahead,* published just on the eve of the latest Nazi aggression, seeks to give the answer.

"Conceived, written and rushed into publication in little over three weeks", it is a book of the moment, superficial rather than substantial in its content, discursive rather than dialectical in its argument. It is planned as a symposium. Nine young writers, all of military age, answer the questions: Without consideration of conscription, would I fight? Why would I fight? When would I fight? Each of these young men represents one important section of British public opinion—Liberal, Catholic, Church of England clergyman, Jew, Chamberlainian Conservative, Winstonian Conservative, Socialist, Communist and Fascist.

Rupert Croft-Cooke sums up the point and purpose of the book in his Prefatory Letter when, addressing Hitler, he says:—

So here are our resolves. You will find that each one of us stands for some creed or party, some cause or ideal....Each speaks as one of his faith, and everyone, you will find, has realized that a moment is approaching in which he will willingly offer himself to fight against you .... For you have done what your country did once before, what only an adversary or adversity can do for us ; you have united us.

This is true, no doubt, and it is amply borne out by the mass of opinions collected in this book that Hitler's series of aggressions have inevitably brought about a situation in Great Britain when even sturdy pacifists are taking up arms to defend a diversity of things they value, in what they regard as the only possible way. But to me the book has also revealed how flimsy and superficial the pacifist sentiment was in England. At the first sight of Hitlerian aggression it evaporated. The present war will not be fought in vain if, in its turn, it produces a pacifist reaction which is strong enough to face a hundred Hitlers without surrendering to brute force, but also without the necessity of meeting violence with violence.

K. A. ABBAS

The Philosophy of Advaita. By T. M. P. MAHADEVAN, M.A., PH.D. (Luzac and Co., London. Rs. 5/- or 7*s.* 6*d.*)

Dr. Mahadevan's treatise is a rapid survey of the magnificent mansion of Advaita built by many mighty intellects on the sure foundations well-laid by Shankara and strengthened by Bharatitirtha. Truth, according to Advaita, is that knowledge which is never contradicted, and in his book Dr. Mahadevan seeks to illuminate its various approaches.

The earlier chapters on " The Ways of Knowing", "Truth and Error", " Reality as Existence ", " Intelligence and Bliss " lift the reader to a higher plane wherefrom through the path of perfection the pilgrim obtains his release, the goal. The chapters on " Iśvara and Jiva " and " Maya " dispel his delusions about the apparently conflicting nature of the various concepts and smooth his path.

When desire binds the mind with delusion the Advaita philosophy comes to the rescue by proclaiming that Reality which is immanent for all time. Knowledge of the Self can be attained through contemplation as much as through knowledge. The fruit of both methods is the same—knowledge of the Self. There is need for two paths because of the difference in the capacity of those who are eligible (*Adhikarins*). The paths are not two but many, but whatever path the pilgrim chooses for himself, he makes his progress towards the goal with a detached but determined mind, and at length reaches it. And when short-sighted pilgrims lose their heads and enter the fray, the Advaita opens their eyes to the true nature of the Path and of the Goal, which are one. There is no question of the end justifying the means, for the end and the means are one, just as Knowledge, Knower and Known are one. Advaita is this culmination of all systems of philosophy.

In clarity of thought and felicity of expression Dr. Mahadevan leaves nothing to be desired, and his book will prove a worthy addition to the collection of literature on Vedantic Philosophy. It is neatly printed and got up.

R. P. A.

Bankim Chandra, His Life and Art. By MATILAL DAS. (D. M. Library, Calcutta. Rs. 2/8)

Bankim Chandra Chatterjee—the name resounds like the tone of a great bell in the heart of every son and daughter of India whose love for the Motherland rises above the level of a dull routine emotion. Bankim Chandra, the "finest flower of the Indian Renaissance in the 19th century", "this superman of Bengali literature", government servant, poet, novelist, nationalist and reformer, is perhaps best known and loved for his immortal song *Bandemataram.*

Bankim Chandra stands out as a true Patriot who instead of shouting with the rabble "My Country, right or wrong!" remained sensible of the many maladies which threatened her life and dedicated his efforts to finding their cure.

His inspiration was largely in the *Bhagavad Gita* on which he founded his philosophy of *Bhakti* as opposed to that of Intellect, and our author suggests that through his devotion to Krishna as the ideal of human perfectability he was enabled to come under the conscious influence of the Rishis.

Throughout literary India the centenary of Bankim Chandra's birth was celebrated in 1938. This book is one of the many tributes to his memory offered by one keenly alive to India's debt to her great son. Matilal Das writes with the enthusiasm of a devotee anxious to share his own inspiration with his readers. Should the publishers bring out a more carefully prepared edition, the book should prove a useful contribution to attracting the attention of the Western world to one of the great lights of modern Indian literature.

D. C. T.

Flavius Josephus : His Time and his Critics. By LEON BERNSTEIN. (Liveright Publishing Corporation, New York. $ 5.00.)

The chief intention of the author of this full and comprehensive work is described as being the vindication of the much vilified Josephus. By his own race he has always been regarded with hatred as a traitor on account of the role he played in the Zealot insurrection against the Romans under the Emperors from Nero to Vespasian and because of his written records of that fatal revolt. By the Christians he was for fifteen centuries regarded with veneration for his testimony to the Christ ; but since the recognition of this testimony as a late interpellation, they too have abandoned him. Mr. Bernstein has for the most part allowed Josephus to speak in his own defence, but he has also devoted a chapter of some length to the various critics who have sat in judgment on the Jewish historian, in which he has attempted to expose their deficiencies.

The motive behind Josephus's various writings was to magnify the Jewish race and to refute the malicious accounts by pagan authors concerning the Jews and their history. One is forcibly reminded of the modern persecution of the Jews when reading of the attacks made by some of these writers.

The second object of the book is to give a clear and detailed account of the Palestinian civilization of the time and of the course of the revolt against Rome, and the major portion of the volume is devoted to this. The account is based on the various works of Josephus, but references are also taken from a variety of Roman and other authorities. There is an amazing wealth of detail, which bears witness to the depth and variety of Mr. Bernstein's researches.

The narrative is well-written and holds the attention. But one wonders if Mr. Bernstein has succeeded in his primary purpose. There is almost too much detail, and the figure of Josephus does not stand out as clearly and significantly as seems, at least to one reader, necessary. Nevertheless, this is a valuable work for its very thoroughness. It contains a good bibliography and is well illustrated with photographic plates.

B. J. S.

ENDS AND SAYINGS

TEN YEARS FINISHED

The circle of friends and admirers of THE ARYAN PATH is wider than that of its regular subscribers and its influence is greater in proportion to its circulation. This experience has encouraged us in carrying on this work which is financially a burden. Very clearly we have perceived that the cause for which we stand is dear to a very large and constantly growing number of people all over the world. That cause is fostered by the presentation of spiritual ideas in a civilization where narrow views of religious loyalty, of political patriotism and of social duties prevail. The world is warring because of these narrow views, because great ideas do not rule the minds of a sufficient number of people. In Christendom the influence of the Churches is greater than that of the Christ and the nature of that influence is such that it may well be named Antichrist ; similarly organized orthodoxy stands in the way of people's accepting the pure teachings of Krishna, of Buddha, of Lao-Tzu, of Zoroaster, of Moses, of Muhammad. Nationalism, which has assumed the form of a new religion, equally corrupts the hearts of the people.

Conditions brought about by wrong views and by narrow ideas cannot be wholly cured by legislation and outer actions. Noble ideas which cleanse and elevate the mind become energic souls of righteous actions, including political legislation. The laws of a state are but an index of the moral forces governing its population.

The collapsing civilization of the West can still be saved if spiritual idealism triumphs over the material ambitions of the European governments. The dark clouds of false knowledge have burst and are now flooding the civilization whose centre is the Occident. Unless at least a few clear thinkers utilize the doctrines of the Universal Philosophy rooted in the soil of the hoary East and especially of India, there is little hope for the survival of that civilization.

For ten years THE ARYAN PATH has been uttering warnings and pointing to the approaching dangers. Its promoters are planning to concentrate more particularly on educating the mind of India—and especially of young India which is still under the glamour of the superiority of Occidental civilization. We are not overlooking the fact that religious orthodoxy and social practices contribute greatly to the creation of that glamour. There is very much that has to be transformed and also much that has to be extirpated root and branch. From the East the sun of wisdom must once again throw its light to reveal the true Path to Progress. THE ARYAN PATH aspires to focus that light so that some at least may see that Path and walk it.

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